

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Sharpshootaz Blazin' Caps"

(feat. K-Solo, Born Son, Willie Dynamite & Maintain)

*[Canibus]*

Sharp fangs! Sharpshootaz... sharpshootaz  
The poem is dolioform  
I arm wrestle you with my polio arm in a rodeo barn  
Nowadays I see emcees get on stage  
They look like parakeets in a cage  
Grab the mic like they afraid to palm it  
'til I bomb it, the LRADs lace the target  
The firearm long like fist-to-armpit  
Sergeant Sharpshoota, a gifted marksman  
Sip sake, rip the mic nigga watch me  
The kamikaze, Benihana your body  
Sour posses show up to your party  
Everybody go home now, put your microphone down  
Go boil some water, I'ma hold him down  
Interrogation techniques, I'ma show you how  
I'ma ask you two times, then after that  
I'ma roll you a blunt with a blasting cap  
You understand what I'm sayin? Your man's not playin  
You'll be twenty-one grams lighter after the weigh-in  
Sharpshootaz aimin, wolfgang came in to bang him  
Demo'd the nigga, then Maintain sprayed him

*[Maintain]*

Yeah I sprayed him, it was strictly biz  
The way I laid him to rest yo it wasn't cause I hated him  
His bars were sendin him off, he was lost  
Now he's, six feet deep payin the cost  
Yo my enemies are unfit; they keep movin  
like they don't know I'm too strategic for this dumb shit  
You're hopin that I fail; but the race is been won  
But they don't know that because they slower than a snail  
It's too easy, but I don't feel guilty  
Cause if the slowpokes had it their way they would kill me  
Now how real is this situation that I stay in  
And when does a Sharpshoota got time for playin?  
My whole team aimin them red beams, it's no games  
It takes me no brains to leave you with no brains  
I got you so pegged this is so unfair  
You should start prayin to the man upstairs  
Cause really all I gotta do is cock and squeeze  
And your brain's on the ground lookin like cottage cheese  
While I'm in the trees with top notch emcees  
Sharin brilliant ideas and philosophies about  
how we're gonna stack this money and lounge  
In the town there's a whole lot of nothin around

Try to stop the process, and I'm huntin you down  
to put your faggot ass in front of the ground, now fuck around

*[Chorus: Canibus (K-Solo)]*

The Sharpshootaz, it's the Sharpshootaz  
Blastin at the blastin cap, bomb unit  
It's the Sharpshootaz, it's the Sharpshootaz  
Nothin but sharp fangs, paws and claws, let's do this!  
(It's the Sharpshootaz! It's the Sharpshootaz!)  
(If it's a mission that we on you know I mapped it out)  
(It's the Sharpshootaz! It's the Sharpshootaz!)  
(My whole team'll have you street dudes tappin out)

*[Willie Dynamite]*

Yo, me fall off in the game, picture that!  
You got beef in the street? And need heat?  
Call your man I get you that  
I got small ones that go pop pop, and click clack  
And big ones strong enough to push a bus back (BOOM!)  
And I still ain't forgot what you said nigga  
I'm down to turn that white tee you rockin  
into a ketchup bed  
When the slugs, catch up, to yo' head  
Hip-Hop you dead a closet casket you gon' rock instead  
So tell your mans ain't no need for sendin flowers and shit  
When I'm on the fiends come through and devour the shit  
The block is dry, leave it up to us to shower the shit  
You got beef, I slide through and Twin Tower your shit  
Dynamite, I'll harass you niggaz  
Like pullin your shorts down in front of chicks  
I'll embarrass you niggaz  
Actin like you John Gotti, we'll see how gangster you are  
when you find pieces of your son's body  
I fucked around and ate his lunch, now he got his hands full  
holdin his head and legs in the trunk  
The chick I'm with, I ain't hearin the bitch  
I'm rockin Sharpshooter shit, lookin for the next gear to switch

*[Born Sun]*

Aiyyo I squeeze on emcees like bullets never-ending  
Leave the machine smokin while the terror still spinnin  
Mujahadeen from Queens, an Arabian God  
Suicide bomb your squad screamin Allahu Akbar  
Hell gon' unleash release for beast wars  
Mad rapper with a backpack strapped with C4  
Barack Obama that popped the llama  
And bodily harm ya, shots penetrate your armor  
The young Yaphet Kotto in the dojo blowin 'dro  
Clappin the fo'-fo', wanted for murderin the flow  
Crazy muh'fucker I'm sick, it's been known  
Rhymes retarded and bars is downs syndrome  
I'm top raised to hit front page, up center stage  
with the gauge, that'll remove your hips from your legs

Back crackin vertabrae, attack and murder prey  
Don't ever war with Sun, I swore I thought I heard him say

*[Chorus]*

*[K-Solo]*

None of you niggaz in the block want beef  
You get slammed on your face like you fightin Tito Ortiz  
Plus I, wreck shop, your man'll hear your neck pop  
I do your whole clique with a 8 ball in a sweatsock  
I draw the line, cross it, you get shot  
My wolves'll leave the mountain and scatter the whole block  
I get the Mac out, splatter the whole block  
Come mad a whole lot, I said it to get it hot  
I wrote it so when I quote it I spit it, went POP  
You can disrespect me but not when I'm holdin the glock  
I paint my name on your back like connect the dot  
And YO! I'll get that movement in your neck to stop  
These motherfuckers know the fuckin deal  
See I don't fuckin sleep, you know my fuckin hand be on the steel  
Quick with ammo, come equipped  
when I squeeze the infra from the hip *[echoes]*

*[Chorus]*